











Vol. XIX, No. 8.

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## KAVIRAJ NAGENDRA NATH SEN,

Member of the Society of Chemical Industry, London; Chemical Society, Paris; Member, Surgical Aid Society, (London.) Chemical Society (America.)

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**WORDSWORTH ON CHILD-WORSHIP.**

The poem "Immortality" affords us a well-defined key to Wordsworth's estimate of childhood. Here we find him chanting forth impassioned hymns in a lofty and seraphic tone for the once too shadowy but celestial vision of a child. The meaning of his whole theme on this subject is struck in the line

"Heaven lies above us in our infancy."

There is something mystic yet beautiful, something shadowy yet divine, about a child that opened the flood gates of the poet's mind. He saw everything through the glamour of his imagination and through it he could perceive a bond linking the here to the heretofore. Mayhap an echo of this is heard in Mrs. Browning's

"The Heavens seem as near as our own mother's face is  
And we think we could touch on the stars that we see."

We are children of Heaven, and before we have trod the common life-track and seen the common light of life, the memory of our home—the 'imperial palace,' remains fresh and green in our hearts. 'Childhood is, as it were, the mountain-top, the natural type of freedom and nearest Heaven from which men descend by easy steps into the vale of manhood.' But these 'steps,' though easy,—'this slipping through from state to state,' help the draught of Lethe which we have drunk at the moment of our entrance in the stage of life, in taking effect more and more. In childhood when the sleeping draught has been just taken, we remember the homes from which we have immigrated here, but it is then also 'a visionary gleam.' So

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting"

But, assures the poet that the growing man—

" \* \* \* Still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended."

An emigrant does not totally forget his mother-land through his long sojourn in the giddy path of life ; what takes place is that his memory of home loses its vividness and splendour and what remains is but an indistinct, undefined longing of things, long experienced and joys long felt.

The Tintern Abbey resumes the same impassioned theme. Here the poet has set off the sober and meditative visions of maturity against the intoxicating and the thoughtless moods of childhood. He speaks of 'acting joys' and its 'dizzy raptures,' 'the coarser pleasures of my boyish years.' He asks himself 'what I was, when first I came among these hills,' and says in reply

"Like a roe

\* \* \* \*

I bounded \* \* \*

Where nature led, more like a man

Flying from something that he dreads than one

Who sought the thing he loved"

He goes on to say,

"\* \* Not for this

Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts

Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,

Abundant recompense "

What the poet drives at in both the poems, is that the divine parentage is brought home to the child through intuition and revelation, while to a grown-up man, this truth is available through sheer force of intellect. The child is 'the eye among the blind,' and is 'haunted by,' while the aged haunts, the 'eternal mind.' To him it is true as it is of the poet

"\* I made no vows, but vows

Were then made for me \*"

For this reason the child is 'the best philosopher, who yet dost keep thy (his) heritage,' 'the mighty prophet,' the 'blest seer.'

However, there is something of a twilight clinging around this 'poet of the twilight's' sublime conception of childhood. He cannot hold the thing in a hard grip ; it slips between his fingers. "Wordsworth" says Myer, "at times presents it as a coherent theory, yet it is not necessarily of the nature of a theory, nor need be accepted or rejected as a whole ; but is rather an inlet of illumining emotion in which different minds can share in the measure of their capacities or their need." There are moments when the truth comes home to him with startling clearness and there are moments when the truth vainly knocks at his door ; his door remains intact. These are his lucid intervals and Wordsworth

then is no more a poet ; the boiling up of an impulsive heart has subsided into the calm and cool current of a rationalist's mind. In such times, a shade of Atheism steals over the poet and drives him to question all his beliefs and motives. In such moments, he

“ Sick, wearied out with contrarieties,  
Yielded up moral questions in despair ”

Hear, what he says in prose on this subject—“ It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith, as more than an element in our instinct of immortality.” His own words then settle the dispute.

To a child of three years, every thing is a matter of profound joy. She is a little wild, but

“ Loving she is \* \* \*  
And \* \* solitude to her  
Is blithe society ”

She is ‘ail-sufficient’ and cannot read the riddle of death. If anybody tries to bring this truth home to her she has a blank look to answer. When the question is put to her

“ Sisters and brothers little maid  
How many may you be ? ”  
she says in reply,  
“ Two of us in the churchyard lie  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And we are seven.”

When the mistake is pointed out to the child who has six brothers and sisters besides herself, two of whom died of late, she still persists in saying, “ Nay, we are seven.”

Another little girl whom Wordsworth came accross in his youth, he remembered in his seventy-third year, as he himself has told us and this plain little cottage-girl formed for him the very pink and pattern of loveliness. So great was Wordsworth’s love for a sweet homely girl !

There is an aroma of romance hovering around the winning innocence of a simple child that fired the poet’s imagination and touched his humour. He gave its expression sometimes in rhymed verses and sometimes in ‘rhymed prose.’

But this child-philosophy of Wordsworth we can but dimly apprehend. Perhaps in ecstatic moments, the vision of ante-natal existence comes over the poet, and in moments divested of ‘the halo of the pure and vivid emotions,’

the vision vanished. He then saw the matter in the grey light of reason and found it dumb and voiceless. However, let us not be too curious about this. 'It is best to leave the sanctuary of all hearts inviolate and to respect the reserve not only of the living but of the dead.'

MOHINI MOHAN BHATTACHARYYA,

Fourth Year Class,

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## AYESHA AND REBECCA.

It is proper always to recognise the obligations of an author, if there are any, but, we are not to over-estimate them. The story of a novel or a drama may not be original, yet it may be one of the best productions of the age. What constitute the real greatness of a novel or a drama are really the characterization, humour and wit, poetry and pathos, and the tragic intensity creating a feeling of excitement in the reader. The crown of dramatist's art lies in giving an individuality to each character. All these qualifications we find in Bankim Chandra : but, ah, my heart laments that virtue cannot live out of the teeth of Momus. That Bankim Chandra in whom we find a supreme and uncommon gift of imagination, in whom we find an extraordinary sense of the picturesque, has often been accused of plagiarism in the two characters, Ayeshā and Tilottamā. From the perfect coincidence of the two with those of Rebecca and Rowena, one may naturally conclude that both are plagiarised. No proof against the charge may stand or bear examination, but that the renowned author of the book, whose reputation was an established one, who was then the undisputed monarch of novelists, said they were the original productions. However, I am only here to dally myself with the two or three salient features I find in the paintings of the two characters by two equally skilful painters, Bankim Chandra and Scott.

Both were equally versatile. Both wrote on various subjects, and did not confine themselves in that particular sphere where they shone best, and could write to their own respective advantages. The complete body of work of both these authors is immense, and spreads itself over a vast region of romantic, poetical, historical, and critical performances. Both, like alchemists, turned everything gold, gave an animation to the very stocks and stones, and transformed the occurrences of our everyday life into so many tragedies and comedies. Readers are always caught in the strong tide of their stories ; they demand a hasty succession of incidents, their bosoms swelling with passions.

With so much of resemblance, it is not very surprising that there should be a little of coincidence of thoughts and feelings.

The point, where the contrast is strong and striking between Bankim Babu and Scott, begins with the later productions of Bankim Babu where we find some realistic characters. Scott's characters were always idealistic in their virtues, as well as in their weaknesses and mistaken policy. They roam in a region of their own. Such is his Rebecca ; but, so also is Ayeshā. Both these characters are idealistic, and are such as cannot be found in our everyday life.

In this matter-of-fact age of ours, we give an undue importance to scientific exactness and accuracy. Ours is an age of criticism, and not of genuine production. What we cannot prove by experiments and logic, we ignore as false. But, poetry and literature are not mere logical reasonings. There we must find the liveliness, the vividness, and the sweet expression in the countenance of the portrait. We waste our energy as to the reality or ideality of a thing ; whether such and such a thing can exist, whether they are things of this earth, or of the imaginary world of the author. So also many critics have condemned Bankim Babu and Scott for making the love of Ayeshā and Rebecca so pure, sublime and unselfish, as being unearthly and visionary. It may seem to many as a dream, but, dreams too form a little part in this monotonous life of ours.

On our very first acquaintance with Ayeshā and Rebecca, at their very first entrance in the grand panorama, we find a little difference in the dramatic skill of the two eminent authors. Bankim Chandra does not introduce Ayeshā with the description of *external* beauty. How skilfully is the *internal* beauty shown ! We do not get a single word from Bankim to show the exquisite charm of Ayeshā's beauty at first. We are brought at once face to face with Ayeshā, ministering to the sick bed of Jagatsinha, a captive and an enemy ; and we take her for an angel, the very personification of mercy, kindness and grace. *Then* comes a vivid, beautiful and sublime description of the external beauty. What an exquisite skill has the author displayed in thus portraying Ayeshā ! The external beauty is subordinated to the internal, and the author has attempted to create a rational love in the readers and not a mere glamouring fascination for the external beauty, by exhibiting the internal goodness at the beginning.

Now, readers, take leave of Ayeshā for a while, and come to see the entrance of Rebecca on the stage. Here we see the author begins with a description of the beauty of her form, the brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eye-brows, the profusion of her sable tresses, in short the exquisite beauty of delicate form.

Then we may notice how these characters play their respective parts with admirable skill. They extort admiration even from the man who is devoid of feeling. They will excite love and sympathy even in a man of stolid sternness. Each loved a man, who had no expression for his feelings, if any. Both loved, but without the least hope of a requital. They loved, and their pleasure was in *loving*. But, then there is a little difference in the paintings of Bankim and Scott. Ayeshā speaks out her love to Jagatsinha, but Rebecca nowhere gives vent to her feelings before Ivanhoe. A moment of peril is often also a moment of opening out our hearts,—we are thrown off our guard by the agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of our passions. Such was the case with Ayeshā. The suspicions of Osman excited her temper for a moment, but only to give place to womanly tenderness, and she begged pardon for her strong language. She really carried anger, “as the flint bears fire ; Who much enforced, shows a hasty spark, And straight is cold again.”

Scott gets the better of Bankim in making her Rebecca not to speak out her love. It might destroy Ivanhoe’s peace of mind. Ivanhoe might be mortified in not being able to repay the love of one, who did not abandon him, when the fire blazed on every side of him, who tried to save his life even at the risk of her own. She seems to sacrifice everything for Ivanhoe, and her passive pleasure was in the peace and happiness of Ivanhoe.

At the exeunt of these two characters, we are grieved to see both of them going unrewarded, unrepaid for their true, unselish love. Here, the two authors seem to teach us in dumb language, that virtues are generally ill-requited in this world of ours. The virtues of Ayeshā and Rebecca are too noble and precious to be remunerated by the temporal blessings of this earth. They are to be repaid in another world, the everlasting home of spring, where love knows no change, no selfishness, no pangs of separation.

GIRINDRA CHANDRA GHOSH, B.A.

5th Year Class,  
Presidency College.

**"In the Study."**  
**A POEM AND APPRECIATION.**

*As the time draws nigh.*

—Walt Whitman.

This is one of Walt Whitman's "Songs of Parting," and one, we may say, most exquisite and touching. In this unrhymed verse, the poet has given us more poetry than many in the most selected metre or rhyme. Apart from the general interest the subject creates in our minds on account of its touching the tenderest chord of our heart, the full and lucid manner of the poet's viewing it, and the infusion of volumes of sentiments in the few lines, make it all the more dear to us. The emptiness of life beneath the sky has not infrequently been touched upon by poets in a more or less plaintive strain; but the pithy yet forcible style, and comprehensive grasp of Whitman, are what carry us away with the poet.

One of the deepest problems that interest all but the most unreflecting, is that about life—what brings us here and what takes us away? Baffled in our enquiry, we leave it off as one requiring Herculean labour. But poetry, at this stage, steps in, and out-Herculeses Hercules. The poet, with his true characteristic insight, stands before us and successfully tackles the point at issue.

Now, to our poem. What does it speak of and how does the poet treat the subject? All enquirers about the meaning and value of life have, at all ages, been struck with the sense of "the little done, and the undone vast"—the naked savage and the nomadic tribes, as well as the greatest nations boasting of the highest civilizations. And this is the problem—the sense of the life's failure—that the poet deals with in this short poem.

The soul, in its natal existence, is represented here as taking a brief survey of what life on earth is like. A superficial view gives us a very dark picture, and the soul is seized with an undefinable dread—"a dread beyond of I know not what darkens me." But, unrelenting is the iron hand of Destiny! The futility of all human power and the vanity of human pride are clearly brought forth..... If the prospect of the life on earth be far from 'pleasant'—horrible

and revolting, the soul would fain like to skulk away from such a thing as undergoes a complete round of pain and suffering, sorrow and sin, disappointment and misery, and what not. This thought would come naturally to mind next, and the poet beautifully expresses this feeling of inevitableness and resignation—

“I shall go forth.

I shall traverse the states awhile, but I cannot tell whither or how long.”

But, then the sad prospect of being carried round in earth's diurnal motion, without being able to lift a single finger in our support, and at the will, *not our own*, but perhaps by the sheer *blind* force of the cosmic laws, while yet the soul is in the ‘muddy vesture of decay,’—and, the prospect of being ultimately snatched away from the scene of our action, where we had been so long weaving our enchanted web of fairy tissue, and this, most unexpectedly, and at the most inopportune moment—the prospect of being thus torn away from the bosoms of our nearest and dearest—alas! the very idea breaks the heart. And with what a tone of helpless melancholy, the poet gives expression to this feeling, when he says—

“Perhaps some day or night *while I am singing*, my voice will suddenly cease.”

The mind, now puzzled and bewildered, cries against the stern decree of Fate, and exclaims with a sublime pathos—“Must all then amount to but this?” Then when the soul is thus overpowered with emotions, and ruffled with the sense of the *incompleteness* of life, where we only “arrive at the *beginning* of us” with no scope allowed us of seeing the end of it—when the soul is thus benumbed, the poet steps in as the teacher of Man, the comforter of troubled souls, and soothes our aching and despairing hearts, with the contented assertion that “this is enough, O Soul.” The teleology of the world is not limited to a single individual. The whole world-process is moving to some absolute end, and the goal is attained even through a few individual failures. Incompleteness of individual lives is only the result of the great cosmic laws that are rushing the world to its definitive goal. “Those also serve, who stand and wait,”—and here, we may say, “those also lend to the progressive march of the world, who end their course apparently prematurely.”

What a beautiful grasp of, and what a keen insight into, the meanings of things, are exhibited by the poet. How he speaks from our hearts, echoes our very sentiments, and at last comforts us, and sets our doubts at rest!

MRITUNJOY CHATARJI,

5th year Class.

*Presidency College.*

## EN PASSANT.

The most difficult and all-embracing of the problems of mankind is that of 'living well.' Since the time when God first made man, many have lived, and sometimes lived well, yet the meaning of life is shrouded in mystery—the problem of life is still unsolved.

\* \* \*

Systems after systems, theories after theories, philosophy after philosophy, have added considerably to the 'isms' and the 'ologies'—but, yet all is like a puzzle, an enigma, a mystery and a riddle. This is because humanity, inspite of its fundamental unity, is full of infinite multiplicity. Every man must have his own philosophy of life. Mine would not suit you, nor yours me.

To me, as I have said, life seems to be an enigma, a dreary mystery, from which there is no escape. Everything—man, earth and stars—all are revolving round and round one enchanted circle, with a mystic force, the 'why' and the 'how' of which are alike embosomed deep in the Everlasting Inscrutabale. And—

"We are no other than a moving-row  
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go,  
Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held,  
In Midnight by the Master of the show."

It is nothing but a magic phantasmagoria with no reality behind it. We are moving from nothing to nothing. Coming, we do-not-know-how from one Universal Zero, we are progressing again towards that self-same end. And the goodly visions that haunt us, are nothing but a wandering will-o'-the-wisp that drives us forth in a vain pursuit, and drowns us deep in quagmire. This long unfolding of apparent beauty and energy in things is nothing but a dream.

Poets have sometimes spoken of life as a real, tangible something. How I wish, I could think with this happy band of men ! But, alas ! to me it has always remained a sealed book. "Life is real, life is earnest," says the poet. The hard realities of the world incline us, at the first blush, to believe in their reality, in their being as they are or appear to be. Difficulties would apparently seem to be solved. But, man is not an unthinking brute ; and the very differentia which mark him off from that lower species of life make him 'look before and after, and pine for what is not'.—Aye, there's the rub.

'Before' and 'after'!—What really are they? The pre-natal and the *post obitum* are the chief, but confounded reflections that dog the heel of everything pleasant in life. It is like Spencer's Unknowable—known and unknown at the same time.

In the highest flight of imagination, thought, reflection and reasoning, the ultimate meaning of the whole world process, of all life and existence, suddenly seems to burst forth. But, the joy is too much for man to bear! Suddenly lost in the charm, and carried away by the overwhelming magic spell, of a glorious infinitude, the brain grows dizzy, the strain is much too great, the tension is unbearable—and we are left amidst the inscrutable mystery of life.

\* \* \*

The gleam of light that suddenly breaks in upon the apparent darkness in which life is enshrouded, makes us wonder, and urges us :

" To fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,  
But onward, upward, till the goal *we* win."

A vague sense of the wonder land, the land of the rainbow or the golden mountain, so near yet so far, where we expect all mystery to be solved, seizes us, and as we think we progress towards it, the horizon only recedes and recedes. But, this attempt, this endeavour is what is most real. A soul panting for its full realization, to enter into the spirit of the infinite, to merge itself into it, to be *one* with it—how glorious and how beautiful!

\* \* \*

But, when will the mystery be unravelled? We knock at, what we suppose to be, the gate of the Infinite; but, alas for how few of us is the Holy Grail! In the Communion of the finite with the Infinite, is the consummation of all reality; but, who knows *what* it is *like*? The seer who obtains the beatific vision, loses himself in it—he is lost in bliss eternal, and can say no say. The seeker looks at him from a distance with open-mouthed wonder and knows not what to do!

What then is life? The real meaning is hid from us. It is a shadowy, unsubstantial nothing, as it appears to us. The poet, in vain, strikes this note when he asks us to awake and arise—"uttishthata, jāgrata,"—to rise to the full sense of the immense responsibilities which devolve on a true understanding of the real meaning of life. So, life is a dream—a dream that knows no waking. But, if it be a dream—may we dream well, for there may be dreams, good and bad.

SARCAR & CHATTARJI,

5th Year Class,

*Presidency College.*

## STRAY THOUGHTS.

When weaknesses assail the mind, and darken the counsel of conscience, our power of reasoning, under their peculiar influence, is so very much cramped and vitiated, that we sometimes draw absurd conclusions, and think them to be legitimate and right. If we happen to come across them in our cooler moments, we have to seek a place, where to hide our head in shame.

It is said that we, human beings, have emanated from God, and are made after his own image ; and as such, we cannot be sinners. There is nothing as sin, it is said, but, it is only the result of our moments of forgetfulness. It is, so they say, a momentary insanity which gets the better of our conscience, and makes us forget, for the time being, that we are divine spirits. One of the greatest religious reformers, Swámi Vivékánanda, in his famous lecture at the Chicago Parliament of Religions, said something to the effect, that men cannot be sinners. "Ye sinners," he said, "ye are the spirit of God. The Hindu declines to call you sinners, gentlemen."

But, I fail to understand the full import of such a proposition. A very famous couplet, which a religious Hindu repeats everyday of his life, runs thus—*Pápóham, pápakarmáham, pápátmā, pápasambhavah, Tráhi mām, pándarikákshah, sarvapápaharóharih.*" One form of Christianity believes that the sin of Adam and Eve attaches to all their descendants, and "every man that is born of woman is sinful."

Amidst such conflicting statements, it is not easy to come to a definite conclusion. Whether there *is* sin or not, is a problem that may be a subject of dispute and argument among the philosophers. We, common folk, have got nothing to do with those learned, resultless arguments and reasonings. But, this much everyone is bound to admit, that *something* occasionally comes to our minds to vitiate us and lead us astray. This 'something,' I have called weakness. It arises in everyman's heart : but, the genial influence of righteousness keeps it in check, and predominates over it—whereas those, who are denied the divine light of piety and wisdom, yield to every passing breeze.

\* \* \*

It has been truly said that, "everyone can master a grief, but he that has it." You undertake to do a work, involving great responsibi-

lities and almost insurmountable difficulties. In view of the obstacles that lie in your way, your heart sinks into your very shoes. But, when yet young, and that afflictive cramp which nips the intellectual spirit, does not trouble you, you look forward to that day when you shall rise to your ideal. A faint streak of hope but occasionally illuminates the dark chamber of your heart now. But, in its wake, the idea of the immense potentiality of a human being rises above the threshold of consciousness, serving only to make your poor livid lips twitch into a little smile.

It is constantly dinned into your ears that you have ample ability, and that if you would only exert yourself, you would get the "Holy Grail." But, hark!—what was it? The grim demon of Despondency calls forth and tells you, "you have not the ghost of a chance." A glacial chill shoots through your breast. You are almost mad with despair! You think, you hear men, on all sides, whispering in low tones,

"Hope tells a fleering tale,  
Vain, delusive, and hollow :  
Ah, let no hope prevail,  
Lest disappointment follow !"

In utter despair, your eyes brim over. You pray to God for strength, "to surround *you* with a glorious wall, and lift *you* up from the sod." You can only say—

"Comfort me, O God,  
For, the way is very dreary,  
And the feet are very weary,  
And the heart is very sad.  
  
There is a heavy burden bearing,  
As it seems that none are caring,  
And I half forget that ever I was glad.'

A. & M.  
5th Year Class,  
Presidency College.

15th.—Meeting of the Students' Fund Committee. Present—Prof. B. N. Sen (in the chair); Sj. Amulyaratan Chakravarti, B.Sc.; Sj. Atindranath Mukharji, B.A.; Sj. Panchanandas Mukharji, B.A.; Sj. Mrityunjay Chatarji, B.A.; Sj. Hemadakanta Chaudhuri, B.A.; Sj. Jatindranath Sen, and Sj. Sisir Bhaduri, B.A. (Under-Secretary).

17th.—Debate meeting of the Junior members. Paper on "Co-operative Credit Societies" read by Sj. Panchanandas Mukharji, B.A., President—Mr. Monohar Lal, M.A.

19th.—Lecture on "The Origin of the Vedic Aryans" by Babu Ramaprosad Chanda. President—M. M. Dr. Satis Chandra Vidyabhusan.

22nd.—Principal H. R. James's, Lecture on "Literature and Life."

26th.—Debate meeting of the Junior members. Paper on "Woman Suffrage" read by Sj. Subodh Chandra Mukharji, B.A. President—Prof. E. Oaten, M.A. of the Presidency College.

31st.—Social gathering to celebrate the Foundation day. Address from the Hon'y. Secretary, songs, comic recitations, etc.

### September.

2nd.—Debate meeting. Paper on "Walt Whitman" read by Sj. Kshitish Chandra Sen, B.A. President—Prof. H. Stephen, M.A. of the Scottish Churches College.

5th.—Lecture on "Buddhist Monasteries in Ceylon" (in Bengalee) by M. M. Dr. Satis Chandra Vidyabhusan. President—Sir Gooroo-das Banarji, Kt.

6th.—Meeting of the Students' Fund Committee. Present—Prof. B. N. Sen (in the chair), Sj. Amulyaratan Chakravarti, B.Sc., Sj. Panchanandas Mukharji, B.A., Sj. Atindranath Mukharji, B.A., Sj. Anukul Chandra Sanyal, Sj. Aghorenath Ghose, Sj. Hemadakanta Chaudhuri, B.A., Sj. Mrityunjay Chatarji, B.A. and Sj. Sisir Bhaduri, B.A. (Under-Secretary).

8th.—Meeting of the Executive Committee.

- 9th.—Social gathering of the Junior members to give a hearty send-off to Sj. Kshitish Chandra Sen, B.A., sometimes Under-Secretary of the Institute, on the eve of his departure to England, as the state-scholar of the year.
- 12th.—Inter-Collegiate Recitation Competition in English. Number of competitors 26; College represented 15. Judges—Mr. B. G. Horniman, Mr. F. K. Dobbin, Rev. W. H. G. Holmes, Mr. K. K. Deb. Prize winners—1. Sj. Basanta Kumar Mukharji of the C. U. Institute, 2. Mr. A. F. M. Moshin Ali of the L. M. S. College, and 3. Sj. Suresh Chandra Bose of the C. U. Institute.
- 13th.—Inter-Collegiate Recitation Competition in Sanskrit. Number of Competitors 17, College represented 12. Judges—Principal Kaliprasanna Bhattacharji, Rai Rajendra Nath Sastree Bahadur, Principal Saradarajan Ray, M. M. Dr. Satis Chandra Vidya-bhusan. Prize winners—1. Sj. Dharendra Nath Pande of the Krishnagar College; 2. Sj. Bibhutibhusan Mukharji of the Krishnagar College; 3. Sj. Mathuranath Jharkandi of the Presidency College; 4. Sj. Syamananda Banarji of the Bangabasi College.
- 14th.—Inter-Collegiate Recitation Competition in Bengali. Number of Competitors 25, College represented 13. Judges—Sj. Jogendranath Bose, Sj. Hirendranath Dutt, Sj. Hemendraprosad Ghose, Sj. Khagendranath Mitter, Sj. Promothonath Banarji. Prize winners—1. Sudhir Chandra Sarkar of the Ripon College; 2. Sj. Suresh Chandra Bose of the C. U. I.; 3. Sj. Phonigopal Bose of the Scottish Churches College. Honourable mention: 4. Sj. Raghabendranath Banarji of the City College and Sj. Sudhir Kumar Bose of the Ripon College.
- 5th.—Inter-Collegiate Recitation Competition in Persian—Postponed, on account of Ramjan.
- 23rd.—Charity performance of "Buddhadev" an adaptation of Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" in aid of the Students' Fund.
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# UNIVERSITY INSTITUTE ENGAGEMENTS, 1910.

## January.

3rd.—Public Meeting to unveil the portrait of Mr. W. C. Bolton, C.S.I.  
 President—Hon'ble Mr. A. Earle, C.I.E.

17th.—Meeting of the Students' Fund Committee. Present—Prof. B. N. Sen  
 (in the chair,) Sj. Rames Chandra Majumdar, B.A., Sj. Kshitish  
 Chandra Sen, B.A., Sj. Aghorenath Ghose (Under-Secretary).

28th.—Meeting of the Executive Committee.

Meeting of the General Committee.

29th.—Meeting of the Junior Members to elect two representatives to the  
 Executive Committee. Prof. Monmohomohan Bose, B.A. of the  
 Scottish Churches College, and Babu Surendranath Gupta were  
 elected by a majority of votes.

## February.

11th.—Meeting of the General Committee.

21st.—Meeting of the Students' Fund Committee. Present—Sj. Ramesh  
 Chandra Majumdar, B.A. (in the chair), Sj. Durga Charan Mitra,  
 Sj. Amulyaratna Chakravarti, B.Sc., Sj. Anukul Chandra Sanyal,  
 and Sj. Aghorenath Ghose (Under-Secretary).

22nd—Lecture on Heaven & Hell (ব্রহ্ম ও নরক) by Pundit Umesh Chandra  
 Vidyaratna. President—Pundit Promothonath Tarkabhusan.

## March.

3rd.—Lecture on "Diet in Student Life" by Dr. Indumadhav Mallick.  
 President—Captain D. M'Cay, M.B., B.C.L., B.A.O., I.M.S.

7th.—Entertainment to Matriculation Candidates.

President—Sir Gooroodas Banarji, A.M.—Prof. Watts' lecture on  
 "Transformation of Energy" with demonstrations.

Meeting of the Executive Committee.

10th.—Garden Party at Belvedere.

17th.—Annual Meeting of the Institute. President—The Hon'ble  
 Mr. S. P. Sinha.

29th.—Meeting of the Executive Committee.

### April.

11th.—Meeting of the Students' Fund Committee. Present—Sj. Kuladaprosad Mullik, B.A. (in the chair), Sj. Rames Chandra Majumdar, B.A., Sj. Kshitish Chandra Sen, B.A., Sj. Anukul Chandra Sanyal, Sj. Aghorenath Ghose (Under-Secretary).

21st.—Meeting of the Executive Committee.

### June.

27th.—Meeting of the Students' Fund Committee. Present—Prof. B. N. Sen (in the chair), Sj. Amulyaratna Chakravarti, B.Sc., Sj. Aghorenath Ghose (Under-Secretary) and Sj. Anukul Chandra Sanyal.

### July.

8th.—Meeting of the Executive Committee.

13th.—Social gathering of the Institute. President—Sir Gooroodas Banarji, Kt. Speakers—Prof. Wordsworth, Dr. Sarat K. Mallick, Prof. J. R. Bannerjee and M. M. Dr. Satis Ch. Vidyabhusan. Performance of "*Baikunther Khata*" by the Junior members.

18th.—Meeting of the Students' Fund Committee. Present—Sj. Kshitish Chandra Sen, B.A. (in the chair), Sj. Prabhat Chandra Mitter, Sj. Aghorenath Ghosh (Under-Secretary).

28th.—Meeting of the Executive Committee.

### August.

2nd.—Meeting of the Junior members for the election of the Under-Secretaries. Under-Secretaries elected were—Sj. Sisir Bhaduri, B.A.; Sj. Amulyaratna Chakravarti, B.Sc.; Sj. Mrityunjay Chatarji, B.A.; Sj. Hemadakanta Chaudhuri, B.A.; Sj. Pannalal Mukharji, B.Sc.; Sj. Atindranath Mukharji, B.A.; Sj. Phanigopal Bose.

4th.—Meeting of the Under-Secretaries and distribution of works as follows:—S. Bhaduri, Esq. (Students' Fund), A. Chackravarti, Esq. (Library and Reading Room, also to act as Secretary of the Representative Committee), M. Chatarji, Esq. (C. U. Magazine), H. K. Chaudhuri, Esq. (General Meetings), P. Mukharji, Esq. (Rowing), A. Mukharji, Esq. (Debate and Junior members' meetings), P. Bose, Esq. (Social entertainment).

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